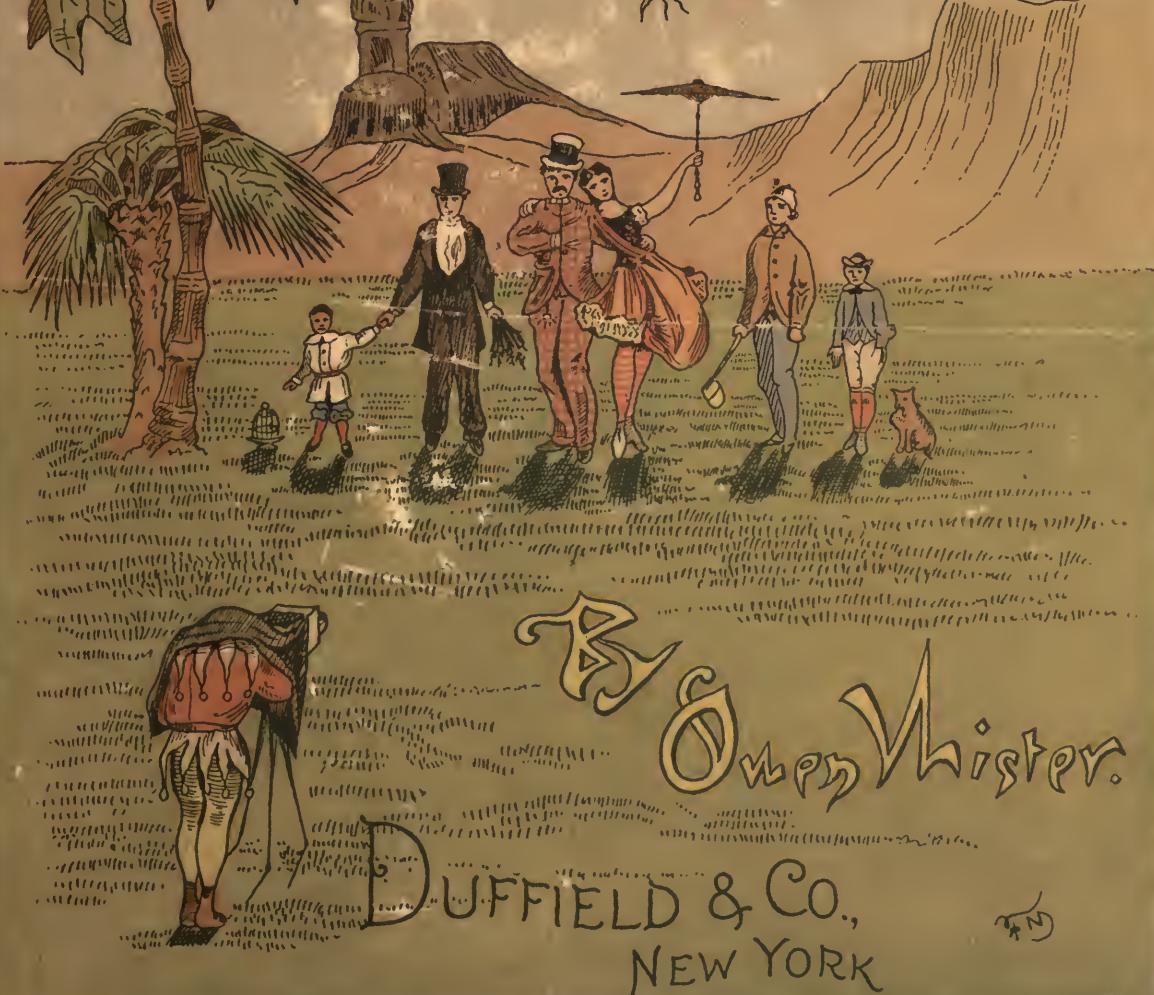


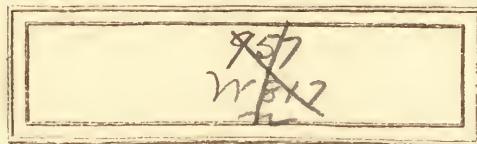
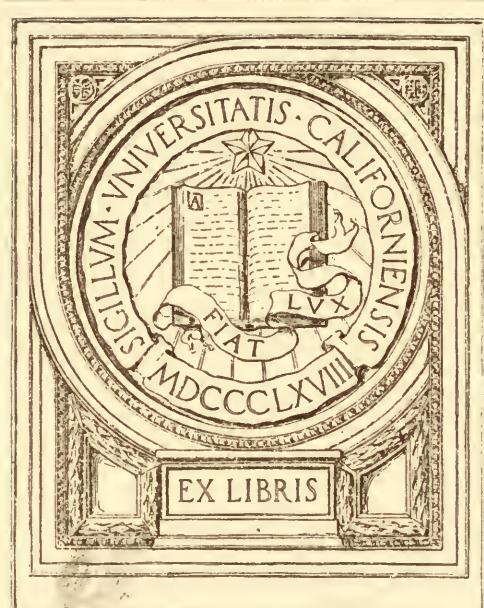
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The New Sister Sister Emily Robinson.





THE NEW

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

BY

OWEN WISTER.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. NICHOLS.

NEW YORK

DUFFIELD & COMPANY

1922

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Preface to New Edition

This tile has been excavated from the remains of a prehistoric Harvard by an optimist in the publishing line. Fortunately it was in good condition, its hieroglyphs clear and decipherable.

Written forty years ago, thirty-nine years ago was the last time that the author looked at it, until the other day when the publisher brought it to him. He read it without a smile; and in its day, in the Harvard Lampoon, it split no sides, showing but dully beside its shining predecessors, *The Little Tin Gods on Wheels*, and *Rollo's Visit to Cambridge*.

"Then why unearth it?" I can already hear the gloomy critic ask.

My dear Sir, my very dear Sir, this book is no laughing matter. Have you never inspected ancient tiles? Do you not know what immense reconstructive value to scholars the laundry bills of Rameses and Nebuchednezzar possess to-day? The clay record of a Pharaoh's dirty linen may have not seemed funny to his washerwoman, but at the British Museum archaeologists will cluster round it like bees and ingeniously gather from it the manners and customs of its extinct day.

So this tile out of Ancient Harvard. It will disclose the existence of the book of which it is the parody. The original Swiss Family Robinson was written to make children good. Its inveterate pointing of a moral at every page, nearly in every paragraph, may have been as sweet as condensed milk to Swiss children, but American children usually made faces when obliged to take doses of it.

The hieroglyphs on the tile disclose also much of the undergraduate life of the time. For example, in the face of the female peccadillo, the archaeological expert will instantly read the features and expression of a goddess terrible to undergraduates who had anything on their conscience. She sat in U. 5, and signed ominous cards of summons. The words *Julepa Attwoodiana* hold their melancholy reminder of mint juleps at Attwood's bar in Tremont Street. At that place of our young delight the "Silver Fizz" bloomed in a perfection worthy of the gods. The holly tree whence eggs were dropped by the sad faced ape needs very little deciphering. We who had lingered late in Boston, and consequently late in bed, always got our breakfasts there. An athletic meeting in the Gymnasium is plainly to be discerned elsewhere upon the tile, and the well built gorilla who announced the winner of each event was no other than Evert Wendell, the Author's old and dear friend.

Dear me, no, this tile is no laughing matter, my good critic! Put it away gently on the shelves of the buried past.

Philadelphia, January 25, 1922.

OWEN WISTER.



THE NEW SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN re-editing this old favorite, the author feels that the pleasure he has in giving it to the public will be exceeded only by the pleasure the public will take in giving it to him after they have read it.

Little more need be said.

With thanks for the many kind hints the author has received from various quarters, earnestly entreating him to discontinue his labors, hints which have been prompted, the author feels, rather by an anxiety for his health than by an interest in the book, he begs leave to hope that it will profit him as much as it will profit the public, in whose hands he now confidingly places it.

POTTERSHAM CENTRE, Feb., 1882.

CHAPTER I.

THE WRECK.—THE ARRIVAL.

The storm had raged for days and days. Oh! it was an awful storm, and one which is seldom met with except near the line.

My children were beginning to complain of a swim-

ming of the head, accompanied by yawning and nausea. I told them that this was a common form of disease, especially on the water, and added, "It is profitable for you to see how such trials may be borne by those who wish to bear them."

And taking an oyster, which I had previously covered with fine sifted sugar, I swallowed it with a courageous smile. Abashed at once by my example, my dear children continued their innocent play, heedless of the reckless oaths which the cruel seamen uttered in their fear. My beloved wife was in the ladies' cabin, reading the Pilgrim's Progress, which did not seem to do her very much good. The waves were running mountains high, and we were continually in the trough of the boisterous sea. Amid this truly sublime, but at the same time terrible war of the elements, I heard the cry of "Land! land!" and at once we landed upon a rock. Then arose a hideous scene of distress. Thousands of human souls were washed overboard in a moment. Many lost their lives. Some lost their senses. Piercing shrieks rent the startled air. Even the quiet cattle stopped chewing their cud. My wife rushed into my arms, letting the Pilgrim's Progress fall neglected upon the

wet deck.* Around her skirts, wailing, clung our children. We were an affecting spectacle, — one that would make many a thoughtful parent shed tears.

While we were thus busily occupied, my son Franz, who is ever on the alert, looked out over the main and saw that the treacherous crew had got away in the life-boat, and never so much as given us warning. In vain we called to them to come back, that they had dropped something. The heartless men only jeered at us in their cruel sport, as they rowed further away, and were lost amid the mist and hubbub. Then indeed we felt left.

Suddenly my thoughtful Ernest said, "Papa, why should we not try and contrive some means of getting ashore?"

I praised the lad heartily for his ingenuity, and we began at once. But ere we did this we unlocked the poor animals, who came bounding about us in their simple joy. There were five cows, eighteen sheep, two horses, and a terrier called Tim. We little thought then how invaluable Tim would be in days to come.

I then bade each of my children see what treasures they could secure. They soon returned, and my heart bounded as I saw how fully we should be prepared for any emergency. Little Franz brought a steel watch-chain and a bird-cage. As he truly remarked, we might find birds in the bushes. Fritz brought an Oliver Ditson edition of "The Pirates of Penzance." Jack found a pair of snow-shoes, and a time-table of the Boston and Albany Railroad. Ernest brought a Japanese parasol and a photograph of the Greek play.

But my dear wife found the chief treasures. She came triumphant, with a little air-pistol, and a box of darts made expressly for it. We felt truly thankful for this discovery, since what had hitherto been but a pretty toy was now to become our defence against bears and lions. My wife also found a set of strange but beautiful dresses, of all colors, made of the lightest gauze, and very short. She laughed gayly as she approached me holding them up.

"You would not laugh so much," said I, "if you realized the importance of your discovery."

She became serious, and I explained that, besides being a light and suitable apparel for the tropical climate, should we ever reach the shore, it was an excellent suit for her to wear at once, as it would not incommoded her motions at all in our journey to the land. She joyfully thanked me and hastened to her cabin.

"I wonder what they are meant for?" I mused.

"I think, sir, I have seen something like them

before, sir," said my eldest son Fritz, a bright lad of fifteen years.

"Where?" inquired I, rather sharply.

"I forget now, sir, but I will try to think," replied the boy.

In the mean time I had found many treasures myself; among others six water-velocipedes. These had been destined for trading with the natives of the Friendly Islands.

"Why, father," inquired my little Franz, laughing, "what would savages do with those?"

"If you would think more and talk less," said I gravely, "you would probably not ask so many foolish questions."

But as the little fellow already hung his head and was making ready to cry at my rebuke, I kindly explained to him that the natives of the Friendly Islands are so very friendly that they are constantly calling on each other and staying to tea. And in these visits from island to island, water-velocipedes would be both simple and satisfactory. Hardly had I finished my explanation when a strange sound was heard, and, quickly looking up, I perceived my dear wife, gayly attired in a pink gauze dress covered with silver spangles, approaching with many graceful bounds.

My children clung around me and shed tears of unfeigned joy at having such a mother. Then we joined hands fervently, and moved in a sad circle about her, as she, poised on one foot, turned round on the other, in order to be able to follow our movements. Then came a lurch and a crash.

My son Jack, with his usual keen observation, said, "Father, I think something broke."

I patted him gently on the head, and told him that he was probably right.

"How shall we go ashore?" asked Ernest.

"I wish we were natives of the Friendly Islands!" cried Fritz.

"My son, you have hit upon a capital idea," I replied. "Run and bring those velocipedes at once."

I packed our cargo in a number of large hencoops. Behind these I tied the patient animals, who lowed intelligently.

"Moo! moo! you old cows!" said Fritz, thoughtlessly.

I chid the boy for mocking at dumb animals, and then bade my wife mount the first velocipede. This she did, displaying much agility.

She exclaimed, "I have left my bag behind!"

"What is your bag?" I asked.

"It is what I keep a few necessaries in," she answered, as Ernest found it and tossed it skilfully over her head, so that it hung down behind and made a graceful and convenient ornament.

* This carelessness may be pardoned at such a moment.

My wife then threw forward one of her feet, and kicked a hole in the gunwale, through which she rode into the water. My children shouted with delight, and eagerly followed her on their velocipedes, though I reminded them that we were saving our lives, and were not on an excursion for pleasure. Thus we made our journey.

First came my dear, brave wife, attired in the gay dress she had found. Then our youngest son Franz, a tender bud of seven; next him, Jack, bold, fearless, but rash at times; next Ernest, a boy of twelve, thoughtful but indolent; after him my first-born, Fritz, a sturdy lad of fifteen, armed with the air-pistol. Finally I myself, the anxious, loving father, steering behind them all, with a rubber belt tied round my waist, to which were fastened, by a long string, the hencoops and animals.

The perilous way was accomplished, we turned the rocky corner, and landed on a pleasant triangular piece of sward, overhung by a frowning pile of architectural rock, which I said should be called Memorial, as a monument to our safe return to *terra firma*.

CHAPTER II.

OUR HAVEN.—A CURIOUS ANIMAL.—A TROPICAL PICNIC.



ARRIVED on land at last, we felt that we had been through a good deal. Fritz remarked that he would not go through so much again for anything.

I told him that I disapproved of his hasty speech, and that he would certainly go through it again, were he placed in a similar situation.

We now began to look about. Our position for the present was safe, but unsatisfactory, as the sun, which is very hot in the tropics, poured down upon our heads.

"I wish the old sun would go out, and not shine so," said Franz pettishly.

"My son, you have made a very wicked speech," I replied, "and if we find bread and water on the island, you shall be fed upon it for several days."

Franz hung his head, and endeavored to hide behind the skirts of his mother. But finding that she wore none that came sufficiently near the ground (he was but a little fellow) he contented himself with

getting in the rear of the party. The mention of bread and water reminded all of us that we were hungry.

"Let us get in the shade yonder," said my wife, "and I will see what I can do for dinner."

We thanked her for her kind promise, and proceeded over the grass to the other side of the huge rock I had christened Memorial. Here we found a



THE FEMALE PECCADILLO.

cool stream that ran down a bank out of a beautiful forest. In the forest we could see many trees. As I was observing them, a loud shriek from Jack made us all start.

"Do you see anything?" I asked anxiously, as I loaded the air-pistol. I was answered by furious barks from Tim; and following the sound, I saw the cause of my son's fear was no less than a fine specimen of the female Peccadillo.

I bade them have no fear.

"The Peccadillo, or *Flagitium parvulum*," I continued, "lives in climates where it is extremely hot, or extremely cold. We find it also where it is neither the one nor the other. It is peculiarly adapted to endure life in the open air, but can frequent houses, trees, and holes in the ground at will. It is a vertebrate animal and belongs to the Mammalia. It is most vulnerable in its head, which if you cut in half with a sharp blow from an axe, death will follow almost invariably. This weakness of the head is admirably protected by the animal's tail, branching into five or six strands of well-articulated joints, connected by a membrane similar to that we find in the wing of the Bat. In severe weather of any kind, it spreads this tail over its head, and fearlessly proceeds on its way."

"The Peccadillo lays a large and handsome egg, of a delicate pink color, spotted with chocolate. When the egg has been laid, the female Peccadillo calls the male Peccadillo, who sits heavily upon the egg, which breaks immediately, and the young Pec-



EFFECT OF THE MINT-JULEP BED.

cadillo runs out with shrill cries. This animal is harmless, except when it attacks you. Then it becomes very dangerous. Its flesh is, when cooked, tender and savory, and will make a capital dinner for us to-day."

As I concluded, my wife took a large axe out of her bag, and the Peccadillo was soon roasting over a good fire. My son Ernest, picking an oyster-shell out of the sand, cut off a dainty slice for himself, and, smiling complacently, set it aside to cool.

"Prudence," I observed quietly, "is a quality that should be exercised for others as well as for ourselves. You may give that slice of Peccadillo to me, Ernest."

The boy winced as I slowly swallowed the morsel. So did I.

When I had finished, I continued, "Do not for a moment suppose that I enjoyed that Peccadillo. On the contrary, it gave me great pain to eat it."

Ernest, whose irritable temper had always been a care and a grief to me, said, "That is probably because the flesh was not cooled sufficiently."

As he placed himself in such a position that the fire and the running stream were between us, I contented myself with a reproachful look, that soon melted the boy. He lay down upon the grassy bank and sobbed silently.

All the rest, in the mean while, were busily getting dinner ready. "What shall we do for a table-cloth, father?" asked Fritz, whose neatness was one of his most amiable characteristics.

"Your intelligent question," I replied, "has puzzled me not a little."

A loud roar, and a scream from my wife brought us all on our feet. "Help me!" she entreated, "I have put my foot in it."

I approached her cautiously, and observed something rustling along in the grass. The air-pistol was ready to hand. I fired at the noise, and a second loud roar rent the air. Then all was still. I bent over my victim, and discovered a huge creature lying dead upon its back. I recognized a terrible *Bogino furiosus*, or Cannibal Spider, in whose web my wife had been caught. We embraced each other thankfully. A moment more, and I should have been too late. "But now, Fritz," I said smiling, "here is a table-cloth for you." And carefully lifting the web of the *Furiosus* from the long grass, I displayed it, to the delight of all. It made indeed a sumptuous ornament; as the wild insect displays great taste in fashioning its odd home and weaves ferns and oak-leaves into the rich texture.

"How about forks and knives?" inquired Jack.

My dear wife smiled mysteriously, and drew a complete set from the bag. They had belonged to the captain of the lost crew.

"We shall do very well," said I. And we did very well indeed. We moved the table-cloth up on the soft green bank, and set the roasted Peccadillo upon it.

"What is this strange and aromatic odor?" asked my wife.

I immediately picked a plant which grew plentifully on the bank, and observed it. A clear pungent liquid flowed from the broken stalk, and I recognized a bed of that delicious herb the *Julepa Attwoodiana*. "It is mint, — tropical mint!" — I joyfully cried, "and its sap is sweet and strong."

"Are you sure that it is not poisonous?" my brave wife asked anxiously.

"It is perfectly safe, my dear, though I laud your prudence. Let us all take some; it will refresh us." We felt very thankful at this discovery, and the flesh of the Peccadillo improved our spirits wonderfully.

"I am feeling very well, father," said Fritz, breaking off another stalk of the *Julepa Attwoodiana*.

"So am I," said little Franz.

"Itsh perfectly right that you should, my dear shildrensh," I said gayly; and they laughed merrily.

"Nother thing about the Pec . . . the Pec . . ."

" . . . adillo do you mean, father?"

"Yesh. Itsh feet are very thin-skinned. So in damp weather the long hair that growsh on top of them closes round underneath his sholesh, and thush they don't get wet."

"Father, why are there two suns in the sky?" asked Ernest.

"Three," said Fritz correcting him.

I explained that this was one of the commonest phenomena in the tropics, and that we often can see many more. As we had now finished dinner, fortune did not seem to frown so harshly upon us, and a joyful hilarity pervaded us all as we sat upon this desert isle. My dear wife, with a graceful movement, sprang from her seat and spread the parasol. As a balmy breeze was blowing from the forest, it served her as a parachute, and she floated lightly up into a great banyan-tree that stood at the edge of the forest. I was anxious for her safety, and beckoned her to come down; but she smiled kindly at me, and refused. In the mean while little Franz got the bird-cage he had brought ashore, and, putting his head in through the door, cried merrily, "I've eaten the canary!"

I was glad to see my dear children enjoying themselves, so I made a collar out of the Boston and Albany time table, and putting it on, joined in the dance. Fritz and Ernest, linked together by the steel watch-chain, opened the Oliver Ditson edition of the "Pirates of Penzance," and sang duets with their sweet young voices; while Jack, determined that he should not be beaten, grasped the dog Tim, and, holding him like an organ, turned his tail round and round very ingeniously. This constituted our simple orchestra, and we were very happy. By and by the sun set, and we went to repose.

CHAPTER III.

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION — A TIGER. — FRANZ'S ACCIDENT. — STRANGE HABITS OF THE MONKEYS.



HE next day when we awoke the sun was already high in the heavens. My children complained that their hats were too small for them this morning, and Ernest assured me that his had shrunk at least three sizes.

"My dear children, this is the effect of . . ."

"The *Julepa Attwoodiana*, father?" asked Fritz, with an expression of countenance I was at a loss to understand.

"Not at all," I replied severely; "what could that have to do with it? It is the effect of the tropical dew, which falls in large quantities as soon as the twilight sets in."

I then explained to them as well as I could the peculiar properties of tropical dew, which entertained them very much.

"Indeed, father," said Ernest, "instruction and amusement go hand in hand for us."

I was pleased with the spirit of contentment that prevailed among my children, and gave them a five-cent piece all round, begging them not to spend it. I also begged them to wear their hats patiently, saying that as the day wore on they would resume their natural size.

My dear wife then proposed an exploring expedition, to find out where we could best dwell.

"No, no, mamma," said Jack, "let us rather rest in the shade, for we feel tired."

"Indifference," I replied, "to the natural beauties of a strange place, is a vice that should at all times be restrained. Your mamma, Jack, is no doubt as weary as you are; but she is right, — we will proceed."

"What are you doing, Franz?" I asked as we were starting. For the little fellow was trudging along, carrying Tim under his arm.

"Why, father," he replied, "once you told me about a strong man, I think his name was Milo, and he had a tiny calf, and he used to carry it about everywhere. It grew bigger and bigger, but still he carried it often, till at last he grew so strong that, when it was quite a great big ox, he could lift it as easily as ever. And so you see, if I take care of our wee Tim, perhaps he will grow to a great big mastiff, and I shall be ever so strong."



"TIME!"

I smiled at the child's simplicity, and his funny application of the story of Milo of Crotona. But I bade him put the dog down, and then dived into the jungle, holding the air-pistol ready cocked in front of me. They followed me in procession, Tim and the other animals bringing up the rear.

Suddenly a low roar sounded in the thicket, and the next moment we found ourselves in the presence of a tiger.

"Do not fear, children," I said cheerfully; "no wild beast, however ferocious, can long resist the gaze of the human eye. Let us all look at him."

The sullen orb of the animal encountered my firm look. Abashed he turned towards my wife, who met him with a proud, well-bred stare. Each of my dear children were ready with opera-glasses and telescopes, which my brave wife produced from her wonderful bag without hesitation. But she and I had been enough for him. With a low howl of embarrassment the man-eating monster turned, and walked awkwardly away. It was a Princeton Tiger, No. One.

We then proceeded with light hearts, occasionally relieving the monotony of the march with psalmody. While in the midst of a melody, a frightful discord stopped us short.

"Shall I get the telescopes, father?" said Fritz.

"No, my son; this is not a tiger," I replied, as I recognized, from description, the whirring song of the Singer.

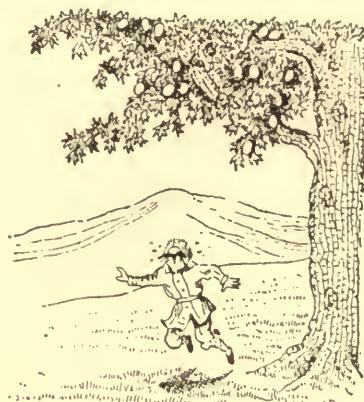
"There, in the tree, father," cried little Franz.

"My child," I said, "this is indeed providential." And, taking a quick aim, I fired. The loud report of the air-pistol resounded through the forest, and the wild bird came fluttering down, slightly wounded. I showed them his perforated bill.

"The singer," I continued, "is one of the newest discoveries among tropical birds. It is a sort of woodpecker, and bores to great depths. It is a neat bird, and with a rapid head movement will hemstitch its nest in a few moments, inserting the fibres of the cotton plant through the hole at the end of its bill as it sits in the crotch of some mighty bandanna-tree, and sings its merry song. If our good mother can train it, it will mend all our clothes for us."

I was interrupted by a smash, and a scream from Franz. The little fellow had received a severe blow on the head from something which had broken, and was running down his face in yellow streaks.

"Where did it come from, my son?" I asked anxiously.



THE HOLLY TREE.

I was answered by a sharp knock on my own head, and on looking up was met by another in my face.

"It is egg! it is egg!" said Jack, holding his sides with laughter.

I opened my mouth to chide the boy for his bad manners, and was just in time to receive a fourth egg, which rendered me speechless with surprise. We then retired under my dear wife's parasol, and looked cautiously about.

"Why, it's in the tree!" said Fritz.

I looked up and saw a tall tree with prickly leaves and red berries. On it were growing quantities of eggs. I recognized at once the Holly Tree, and on closer examination I perceived, hidden in the recesses of its branches, a large ape, with a sad, sad face. When any of us approached within reach, he immediately dropped two eggs.

My dear wife, producing a mackerel net from her bag, took hold of one end. We spread this under the foliage of the Holly Tree, and the sad-looking ape dropped eggs amid the death-like stillness of the tropical noon. We breakfasted on the dropped eggs, and continued our march, feeling very happy at our discoveries.

By this time we had got far into the forest, and, as we slowly journeyed along, we saw quantities of monkeys hurrying from every side toward the same spot.

"What are they doing, father?" asked Ernest, who was a close observer of the habits of our dumb four-footed friends.

"I do not quite know, my son," I replied.

"Let's run along with them," cried Jack gleefully; and soon we found ourselves in the strange race.

Presently we ran up some rocks, at the top of which grew two trees, very close together. These seemed to be the only entrance to a thicket whose walls were made of closely interlaced creepers. The monkeys were squeezing by, in spite of the efforts of a larger

monkey to prevent them. We squeezed in with the rest, and presently found ourselves seated on creepers that ran like swings between the trees. Everywhere, low and high, on the ground and in the branches, peered the quaint faces of the monkeys, and their noisy chatter sounded shrilly. Presently three larger apes stepped out and began to jump about some branches that were placed on the ground. They followed each other in succession, and one ape would try to outdo his fellow-apes in strange freaks; now cleverly balancing on his fore legs, and throwing his hind legs around them, and so resuming his seat: and now hanging by his tail, and jumping along like a grasshopper.

"What are they trying to do, father?" asked Franz.

"Wait and see," I said, for I was at a loss for a reply.

Presently a well-built gorilla stepped out from between the trees, and, after consulting a card, announced that one of the monkeys had done better than the rest.



"GENTLEMEN, THE JUDGES HAVE DECIDED . . ."

Many trials of skill then ensued. After a while two Nubian Howlers stepped out and began punching each other's heads. One Nubian Howler soon got the worst of it, and the well-built gorilla announced that the other had won.

After a few more events, a small Blue Faced Teazer and a Marmoset came tripping out, and the well-built gorilla said to the assembly, "This is Mr. Teazer, and this is Mr. Marmoset;" upon which the animals immediately jumped on each other, and began to writhe round, seeing which could get the other on his back first.

Much excitement ensued. Cries of "Good for Marmoset!" "Go it, Teazer!" resounded in all directions. My dear wife grew so excited that she

jumped down and followed them about to judge of their movements, and see that the thing was done properly. I for my part, after enjoining my children to restrain themselves, stepped down, and, holding my open watch in my hand, called "Time!" when a fall occurred.

After three trials, the Blue Faced Teazer got two falls, and the well-built gorilla, stepping out, gave a large cocoanut to the Marmoset, whereupon much applause ensued. By and by the night drew on, and the last and most exciting event came off.

A train of eighty-two monkeys lay flat down on their backs, and each monkey coiled his tail around the throat of the monkey next in front of him. The front monkey took hold of the tail of the front monkey of a second train, consisting of eighty-three monkeys lying opposite, and linked in the same ingenious manner. At a given word, the two front monkeys pulled each other's tails violently. There was a silence of four minutes, when the eighty-third and last monkey rose from his position with a loud shriek, and the eighty-two monkeys were victorious.

Much pleased with what they had seen, my dear children retired for the night, and I sat up and wondered what would happen next.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR PROPOSED NEW ABODE.—THE IGUANA.—THE BOIL-STONE.



OME time after our interesting and instructive adventure with the monkeys in the forest, my dear children earnestly begged me to give them an account of those animals, their habits and their peculiarities, which I gladly did.

"Father, you know everything," said my little Franz.

I hastened to assure the child that I did not know everything by any means, in which the rest of my beloved family heartily agreed with me. I was pleased to see this pleasant spirit of unanimity in our little company, and we cheerily pursued our way through the forest.

We found a great many useful and wholesome vegetables, which we ate in large quantities, seating our-

selves beneath the luxuriant shade of the bandanna tree. The food we did not eat my brave wife put into her bag for pickles and preserves.

Among other tropical fruits and vegetables, we found many acres of Yumi-yums, and several fine specimens of Jym-Jams. The latter had always been



OUR FUTURE HOME.

a great favorite with us at home, where we had often had them.

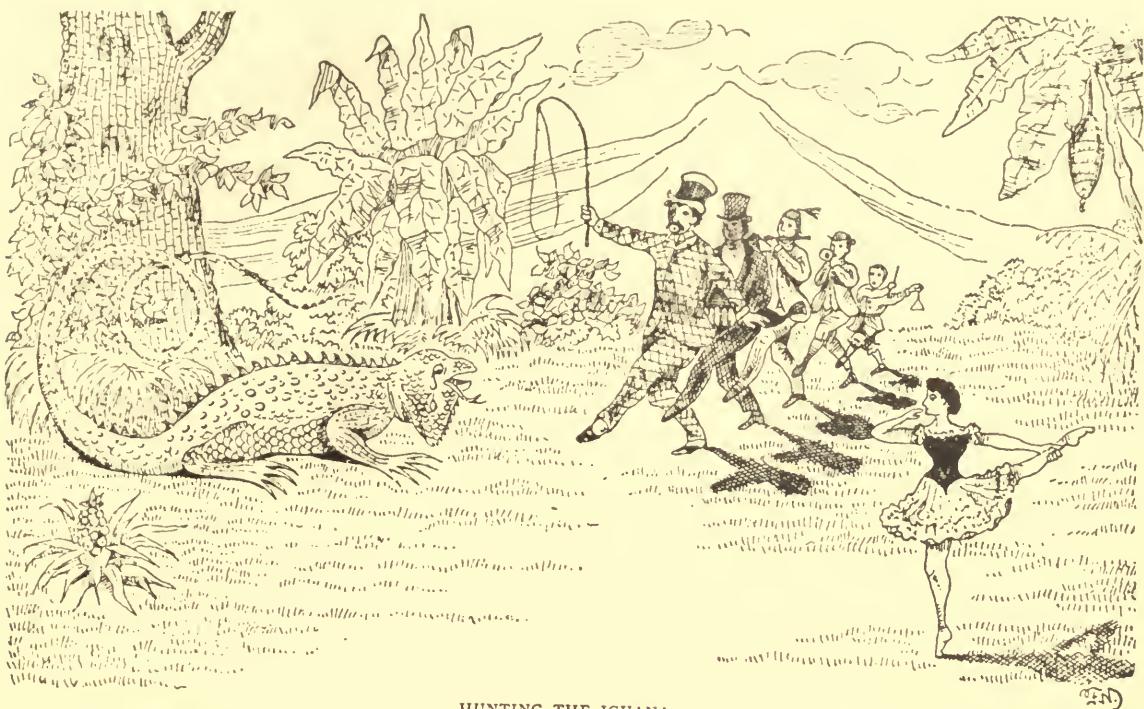
As we wandered along, culling a cocoanut here and a gourd there, we came into a rocky enclosure, quadrilateral in shape. Many massive groups of rock stood all around it, forming the sides. Most of these were red, but one was white, and very beautiful. On it the centuries had written their records, which we read with interest. The blessing of Providence was bestowed on some one, but we could not make out who, for the rock was damp, and these great truths of nature indistinct therefore. In this enclosure grew many tall and beautiful trees; one of these seemed to please my dear wife particularly. It was a beech-tree, growing in a slight depression of the ground, and lifting its head gracefully upwards.

"O, if we could cease sleeping upon the cold ground, and live up there!" said my wife.

I laughed gayly at her pleasantries, but she said she meant it.

"My dear . . ." I began.

"Do you not see," she continued eagerly, "an elephant cannot climb a tree; nor can many other fierce



HUNTING THE IGUANA.

beasts, who would crush us if they trod upon us while we were sleeping on the ground. We should be safe from them at any rate.

"If the tree is hollow, and will permit an inside staircase, I will consider the matter," I replied.

I then bade Ernest test the tree, and see whether it were hollow. This he did with some ingenuity, knocking his head repeatedly against the gigantic trunk. A hollow sound was the immediate result.

"Then we are saved!" exclaimed my dear wife.

"Are you sure, my son," I asked, "that it is the tree which is making this hollow sound, and not your head?"

The lad assured me with tears in his eyes that it was the tree; so we continued our way, determining to return on the morrow and begin work. I marked the spot by tying a pocket handkerchief to a Smahl-bhut-Omy bush that grew near the spot.

We had not proceeded many rods before Fritz, who was in advance of our little party, came rushing back shouting, "A crocodile, father, a crocodile!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Franz, "the idea of a land crocodile!"

I peremptorily ordered the boy to cease his idle gibing. "For the animal," I continued, "which your good brother Fritz has mistaken for a crocodile is no less than an Iguana, or gigantic lizard. And so your heedless laughter is ill-timed."

We saw the animal fast asleep in the sun. Jack, snatching some salt out of my wife's bag, approached the Iguana.

"Come back, my son; the Iguana cannot be captured in that manner. We must use gentler means."

"Are you going to kiss it, father?" asked Fritz with a grin.

I tried to chide the boy for his impertinence, but, failing, I began operations on the Iguana.

I bade my brave wife take her stand on the grassy mead and begin to dance, slowly at first, and then increasing in rapidity. Meanwhile I formed the rest of my dear family in a line, one behind the other, and told them to imitate my movements. Out of my wife's bag I took a trumpet, an accordion, a flute, and a triangle; these I gave to Fritz, Jack, Ernest, and Franz respectively. This done, I placed myself at the head of the precious little party, and, adopting a quaint but graceful step, I approached the Iguana slowly, humming Sullivan's "Lost Chord" in a low, sweet voice.

The animal moved uneasily in its slumber. Pleased with this symptom, I quickened my step and sang a chorus from Wagner's "Gotterdämmerung." The animal relaxed its stern expression at the sweet melody, and was evidently dreaming about us. I again quickened my step, and drew nearer, singing "I arise from Dreams of Thee" to some music of my

own composition. This thoroughly aroused the animal, who allowed a smile to play over its rugged fea-



"BOILSTONE."

tures. Never have I beheld so affecting an expression as this poor beast betrayed. Changing the tune, I sang "Baby Mine." The Iguana was now showing signs of distress, and it was evident that the pathos of my melody aroused its sympathies. When "Baby Mine" was finished, summoning all my strength, I began "Empty is the Cradle, Baby's gone." But it was too much. With a strong convulsion of grief the animal turned on its side and was overcome by choking sobs. Being assured that we had him now, I went up and dried his eyes, encouraging him to get up and walk; but this was impossible, so we carried him away, and as we went the woods re-echoed to his wails.

I was very glad to have been able to show this experiment to my dear children.

"The power of music over savage natures," I said, "is very remarkable. I was once passing by the cage of a tiger, and happened to be singing rather sweetly. I heard a noise, and was just in time to elude the paw which the grateful animal had offered me."

We now approached a large gray pile of granite, into which a cave led. "A capital place," I said, "to store gunpowder, should we discover any in the island."

A gurgling brook ran down the rock, so I named it

"Boilstone Cave." Inside we could see many stalactites hanging. Fritz, with his usual rashness, rushed in, and was immediately overcome by the blast of chemical mephitic air, which escaped from a side recess in the cave. "We must get it out, at any rate," I said.

My brave wife immediately produced a dynamite bomb from her bag, and I handed it to my eldest son Fritz, bidding him go in and blow up the recess.

"Is it not dangerous, father?" he inquired.

"Not at all, my son. I would do it myself, only I notice that your mother wants to show me something, and I cannot keep her waiting."

As my son entered the cave and began arranging the bomb, and pouring water into the cup which was to hold it, I withdrew to a distance, and watched him with the affectionate zeal that only a father knows.

Very soon a loud report was heard, and the dangerous mephitic cavern was no more. On my asking for Fritz, my brave wife produced him safe and sound from her miraculous bag, where he had been blown by the force of the explosion. With renewed thankfulness we went to rest, ready to begin work on our tree home the next day.

CHAPTER V.

WE BUILD OUR HOUSE.—THE ZEBRA.—A SAIL.



UR next work was to create our aerial abode in the tree. We all joined very heartily in this, for we had been up trees before, in Switzerland, and were anxious to get up a tropical tree, and see if there was any difference.

This one, which had attracted the notice of my wife by its unusual size and beauty, was many hundred feet high, and so large round that to measure its circumference made a pleasant morning stroll. I was, therefore, somewhat at a loss how to begin work; for the trees I had been up before had not necessitated any knowledge of the art of climbing. So I stood before the colossal trunk and thought.

Observing my anxious and careworn expression my brave wife approached me and said, "I think I can solve your problem."

"What problem do you think I am trying to solve?" I asked.

"How to climb my tree," said she, smiling.

I praised her for her keen penetration in divining what I was thinking about. "But how can you solve my problem?" I continued sadly.

"If you will set me upon a log and build a bonfire under me, the hot air will inflate my skirts, and I shall rise into the branches."

"Your idea," I replied, as I fervently embraced my dear partner, "is admirable."

In the mean while Ernest and Jack collected dry sticks and leaves, which they placed upon the back of our now affectionate and docile Iguana, and thus they were carried to a large log that lay conveniently beneath our proposed abode. My dear wife placed herself upon the log, when we were confronted with a new obstacle.

Alas! all our matches were gone.

Fritz, whose ingenuity sometimes took forms which I could not approve of, immediately produced a bottle of the Julepa Attwoodiana from his leathern pouch, and, after having swallowed several mouthfuls, he blew upon the dry kindling, which instantly ignited and burned with a brilliant and beautiful flame. The light gauze skirts of my wife spread visibly.

"Up in a balloon, boys!" shouted Fritz, whose hilarity after taking the Julepa was always most painful to me.

"Your impertinence," I replied coldly, "merits a . . ."

"Never mind his impertinence, father," cried Ernest, rudely interrupting me.

I turned to reprove him, when our Iguana, who, though tame and well meaning, was notwithstanding at times very awkward, rushed hurriedly between my legs. The result was that I tripped and fell heavily upon a plantation of prickly-pears, which covered the ground very abundantly at the foot of the tree.

My children joined hands and danced about me, while I, seated upon the ground, menaced them angrily.

"I feel just like the Fourth of July!" cried little Franz, jumping and clapping his hands.

I rose, and was about to chastise him for his disrespect, when we were all stopped by hearing loud shrieks of triumph.

We turned around. Our little bonfire had done its work, and we beheld the dear mother rising majestically through the air. With that wise forethought which is one of her most invaluable qualities, she had taken her bag up with her, out of which ran a long string that was fastened tightly to a log that lay on the ground. She soon reached the branches, which she caught hold of.

"Let's play she's a kite, and fly her!" cried Fritz, making for the string.

I hastened after him to prevent such conduct, but his dear mother was quite equal to the occasion. Just as he caught hold of the string, she gave it a sudden jerk which brought the anchoring log up from the ground and seated Fritz quickly upon it. Thus she held him dangling in the air, till he was thoroughly frightened, and begged to be forgiven and let down.

As I always encouraged any spirit of repentance that my children showed after misbehaving, I readily forgave him, and our work went on. My wife produced a derrick from her bag, and also a number of other useful things for building, such as bricks, mortar, and ladders. We all went heartily about our various duties, and a scaffolding was soon completed. My wife laid the foundations, and built the house, assisted by Fritz. Jack and Franz carried mud, timber, and stones up to them; Ernest painted and decorated the interior, while I, seated in a chair below anxiously superintended operations. In less than a month our new mansion was complete. Nor did it need protection from the fierce tropical sun, for the season had advanced, and a beautiful leafy screen sheltered us all.

We began to think of a name to call our house. Ernest, with his usual inimitable humor, suggested *The Family Tree*, which was unanimously adopted amid shouts of applause.

It was an ample house, with a cellar in the main trunk of the tree, and three entrances, in case we should be in a hurry to get in or out. We had six spare bedrooms in case of visitors; gas and hot water on every story; an elevator; chemical fire-extinguishers (furnished from the Boilstone Cave); a library, dining and sitting rooms; and frieze and dadoes in every apartment, of colors suited to its special character. There was a telephone, a phonograph, and an electric bell in every room. The last touch was finished on a Saturday night, and the next day being Sunday, we all took a rest, which was very grateful. Not having any church to attend, I read my family selections from my unpublished poems, which affected them very much. As evening drew on, we all set about various occupations.

I had observed that Fritz had a special place where he kept his bottle of Julepa Attwoodiana, and, having determined that it was not good for him to pay too much attention to such things, I procured it for myself, and retired to the top of the tree where I felt that my meditations would be undisturbed by the noisy play of my children. Here beneath the starry firmament, I took gastronomical observations.

The calm stillness was presently broken by my son



THE FAMILY TREE.

Fritz, who, seated upon a lower limb of a tree, played us sweet household melodies on an upright piano that he had found in a corner of my wife's bag. Ernest, inspired by the music, climbed up on another limb, a little higher, and composed poetry, parts of which he occasionally recited aloud.

My wife, never forgetful of her household duties, after having washed our clothes, fed a young canary we had caught a few days before.

Jack, in order to test the strength of our new staircase, conscientiously walked up and down upon it, while my little Franz had a nice gay game of hide-and-go-seek at the bottom of the tree with our pet Iguana, who had become most useful in keeping the child in good spirits by means of many merry pranks of a wholesome and harmless nature.

As I looked down, and beheld through glimpses in the rich tropical foliage of our Family Tree my precious little brood thus happily occupied, I frequently gave shouts of joy, in the midst of my gastronomical observations. And as I had made quite a number by this time, I concluded I would take a walk in the jungle. So I descended, and, after having filled my son Fritz's bottle of Julepa Attwoodiana with some cool fresh water from a neighboring spring, I replaced it in the spot where I took it from, and continued my way.

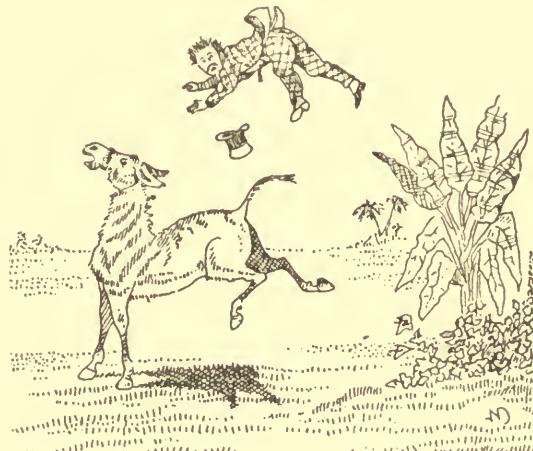
I had not gone more than a mile before I heard a strange cry, and, on looking about me, I perceived it came from a fine specimen of the Wild Jackass.

I felt I had made a great discovery. For this animal, if tamed and trained for our service, would be much more useful in carrying burdens for us than our Iguana, however well meaning, had hitherto been, since the latter had a habit of rolling over on his back, and this he had indulged in several times when laden with ostrich eggs we had collected after a hard day's work.

How was I to secure the Jackass?

I hurriedly climbed a low tree near by, and, aware of the great curiosity that wild animals will exhibit, I struck my watch (a Geneva repeater) several times. The brute ceased grazing and pricked up his ears. I continued striking my watch, and he began to move towards the place the sound came from. Soon he was beneath the tree in which I had concealed myself, when I suddenly let go, and landed upon his back.

Extreme surprise rendered the animal perfectly docile, and he walked off quietly with me upon him. I had heard travellers tell of the treachery of Wild Jackasses, and had often noticed that the infallible process to tame them was to bite their long and tender ears. So I gently leaned forward, and, encouraging the animal with my voice, I seized his right ear in my teeth, and bit it until the blood ran. It was but the



"TAMING A JACKASS."

work of a moment. Contrary to my expectations, he kicked violently, and ran way so rapidly that I was unable to follow him.

After recovering from the surprise his action had occasioned me, I concluded I would not speak of this adventure to my family for fear they should be tempted to try the same experiment. As I was revolving how I should explain the appearance of my right eye, all thoughts were driven out of my head by the appearance of a steamship on the horizon.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARRIVAL.—OUR VISITORS.—THE ANACONDA.



OR some moments the appearance of the steamship riveted me to the spot. Never very strong, my nerves, of late so much tried by our tropical life and the dangers it brought, gave way suddenly, and I sat down on the ground and shook. The colossal and stately vessel came up the horizon so rapidly, that I grew out of breath watching it. I thought of my dear wife; of my sweet young brood, that we had reared between us; and as the boat came nearer and nearer, I wept very plentifully. The night, however, which always comes very suddenly in the tropics, set in even more



THE FOREIGN VISITORS.

A.N.

rapidly than usual this calm evening. The blood-red sun, which we had all contemplated with joy and admiration from our family tree-top, as its shining orb hovered above the water-line, loth to sink to rest, suddenly sank out of sight. The stars all rushed out and shone with a brilliancy that again moved me to tears. When I had recovered sufficiently to rise from the ground, which was getting damp, I pursued my way back through the forest to our home, where all now were silent in innocent and happy sleep. I climbed the stairs so rapidly that I fell down again, and had to repeat the operation of going up again, though most reluctantly. The noise I made awoke Ernest, who was always a light sleeper, and he asked me what was the matter.

"Your curiosity," I said as I brushed my hat, "is strangely ill-timed. Hand me the air-pistol at once, and do not stop to load it!"

The boy obeyed, and I hastily climbed to the highest branch, where, but a few hours since, I had made my gastronomical observations. I loaded the weapon as I went, putting in a double charge. Seating myself so that the recoil could not cause me inconvenience, I fired three signals of distress, waved my hat, and fell to the ground. Thinking I had better not attempt a second ascent, I told Ernest to climb up and look out to sea.

Ere the young lad had well reached the position I

had so lately occupied, a return signal from the water thundered through the night air.

"We are saved," I said thankfully, and began to awake my family. With the exception of Ernest, they all slept very soundly, and I found the most expeditious as well as most pleasant way of recalling them to their senses was to empty gently over them the pure spring water contained in our gourds.

Smiling with delight, they asked me why I seemed so happy.

"Come and see for yourselves," I replied.

"No, father, tell us," said little Franz.

"That which is worth knowing," I answered, "is worth taking trouble to find out for one's self; climb up to the top, my son, and your energy will be its own reward."

But my lesson to the little fellow was frustrated by joyful cries from Ernest. "O, father! A great big ship! and it has anchored in the bay."

"A ship?" asked my brave wife, as she hurried out of her apartment.

"A dressing-gown," I answered, gravely, "is no proper apparel for a tree-top, even at night. Go in and put on your best clothes, and I will answer any reasonable questions."

Abashed by my remark, my wife hurried back to her apartment. Ere long my whole dear family was about me, eager to take the long-disused water-veloci-

pedes, and go to the steamer. But daylight was now breaking.

"Your idea," I said, "is not worth carrying out. Patience, when properly exercised, often saves many tiresome efforts. The crew of yonder vessel are now putting out for the shore in several little boats, which, if you use a glass, you will readily see."

We all watched their movements with interest.

"What if they should be enemies, father?" asked Ernest.

"Your remark," I observed, "shows thought. In that case, we will retire to the Boilstone Cave, and with the chemicals there compound odors that would keep any foe at a distance."

"They're friends, father!" cried Jack, joyfully; and our eyes grew dim as the English flag went up and floated proudly from the mainmast.

Delay being no longer advisable, we all hurried down stairs.

"Take care," I said. "The more haste, the less speed. The longest way round is often the shortest way home. Pride goes before a"

A large root, which was concealed in the long grass through which we were now hastening, caught the extreme end of my foot, most unfortunately. The nearest object to grasp was the long black hair of my dear wife, which floated behind her as she ran. "Self-preservation," I said, as I took hold of it, "is the first law of existence."

The shock was so sudden, however, that my wife tottered, and in endeavoring to save herself, very naturally, she threw her bag round Fritz's neck. But instead of standing straight, and thus saving our fall, he clumsily got entangled in the folds of the bag, and we all came down together,—so rapidly, that Ernest, Jack, and Franz, who were hurrying along immediately behind us, toppled over our prostrate bodies, together with the pet Iguana, whose inability to turn rapidly is a trait which it shares in common with the Alligator and the Crocodile.

We then held a consultation.

"If any of you had listened to my warning about haste," I said, "we should not have come to grief."

"But, father," said Jack, "you were the first to trip."

"This is no time for hair-splitting," I said severely. "It is clear that, if we proceed to the shore in such a crowd we shall interfere with each other. Let all of you, except Franz and myself, make ready a lunch beneath some large tree; he and I will proceed to the shore and meet the strangers. Should they be hostile, Franz's tender age will move them."

We proceeded to the shore, and arrived just in time to witness the travellers step upon the beach.

With a courteous but dignified attitude, I spoke: "Gentlemen, you have come to visit us to-day, no

doubt curious to see the lions of our island. We are glad to see you, and to extend the hand of our Republic to you. If your ancestors ever had anything to do with it, they would be as proud of the present moment as I am."

"We are vera much honored, sare, wid your politesse and complaisance. I have the pleasure to make myself known to you,—Monsieur Teatre."

I shook the gentleman's hand, and he proceeded to introduce the other distinguished guests. I exchanged mild and bland greetings with Monsieur de al Row-sham-bow, who pulls a very good oar in one of the crews, with Count Von Apollinaris, with the Marquis of Hunyadi-Janos, and many other distinguished characters.

We then adjourned to lunch, where my dear wife acquitted herself nearly as well as I had done.

"If there is anything you do not see, do not ask for it," I said to the Marquis of Hunyadi-Janos, who, not understanding the language, turned to Baron Friderickshall for an explanation. After the banquet, each of my dear children took several of the visitors, and we proceeded to entertain them with the historical sights of our island.

"C'est le cave de Boilstone," said Fritz, who spoke French with fluency.

"Thanks. I did n't take chemistry," replied Colonel Hap, who, with his daughter, Miss Hap, was among our Australian guests. Here the conversation became general.

"Ah, Monsieur," I smiled, "was you ever to"

"The battle of Bunker Hill reminds me of"

"Martha Washington, who never liked"

"Our pet Iguana, when he feeds on yams and"

"Schnapps, from Potsdam, so gut und gar nicht"

"Plymouth Rock in a storm with"

"A paper collar that always betrays"

"Humility which I have inculcated in my children from"

"The gymnasium, where Sarah Bernhardt said that she'd"

"Never leave me alone in the tree to take gastronomical observations."

Our merry party strayed away through the trees, well pleased with the island. Miss Hap, an ideally sweet girl, with large round eyes, and great ringlets of close curls, showed some rashness in wandering away alone. Indeed, it was most fortunate that my eldest son, Fritz, an ardent youth, followed her steps from a distance, for as she entered the jungle a large Anaconda sprang at her.

The intrepid girl opened her parasol at the animal, who hesitated for a moment, dazzled by the brilliancy of the pattern, and then began to swallow it.



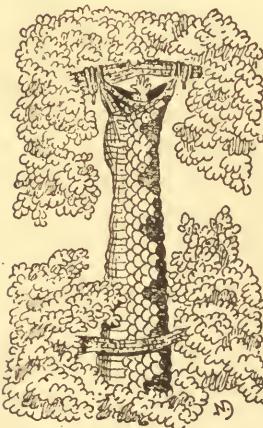
MISS HAP WITH THE ANACONDA.

Miss Hap, bound not to give up her property without a struggle, braced her foot against a stone, and tugged. The contest, however, might have proved a doubtful one, when Fritz, hurrying up with the air-pistol, shot the serpent in the head.

It fell lifeless to the ground, and the grateful girl, turning to her preserver with moist eyes, smiled a smile so full of sweetness, (as my son afterwards informed me,) that Fritz sank into a misty, happy dream, (these were his own words,) and together the two wandered through the jungle under the soft heat of the sunlight as it came through the thick foliage.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.



REJOICED greatly in the happy advent of the foreign visitors. They were indeed a pleasant break in our little family circle; a circle which, though very sweet and dear to me, I had sometimes felt might grow in many years to have an element of sameness about it.

The winter began to draw on, and we made several little colonies: one in the Boilstone

Cave; one in a neighboring island, which Ernest had ingeniously christened Snark Island; and several

other equally desirable and agreeable settlements. Every one was happy and contented.

Many wondrous tales were told or read in turn by the boys and Miss Hap during the long evenings. And when these grew too exciting for healthful imaginations, I would chasten the merriment by reciting parts of my private journal, which caused them to think so deeply that after a few sentences they often retired to their rooms to ponder until morning.

In the early part of the autumn we had hung up the skin of Fritz's Anaconda to dry. Fastened to a stout limb of our family tree, it became a portentous ornament. But a misfortune which happened to the Marquis of Hunyadi-Janos shortly afterwards warned us to stuff the huge cuticle of the tropical monster.

Returning home from a soirée on Snark Island late one night, the Marquis had occasion to step along the limb from which depended the serpent. Just as he approached the animal, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated down into the cavernous jaws.

I was just in my first sleep when I was startled by a cry. "Sacré tonn're! Nom de chien! Ah!" and the sounds became muffled.

I awoke my dear wife and earnestly requested her to listen.

"A moi! à moi! Help! I am perdu! Swallowed tout à fait!"

"Let us hasten!" said my wife springing up.

"Rashness," I observed, firmly detaining her by one hand, while with the other I emphasized my remarks, "is ever a quality to be eschewed, — especially after dark. If the gentleman is (as he says himself) swallowed, we can sorrow for him in the morning."

"A moi! à moi!"

"Father, father!" cried little Franz, "the Marquis of Hunyadi-Janos has tumbled down the Anaconda!"

"Misfortune," I replied, "may happen to any one, and instead of allowing excitement to get the better of us, we should rather be thankful for our own preservation."

Notwithstanding, I complied with the lad's wish, and lighted a candle. Meanwhile, the cries of the Marquis had summoned quite a little gathering. He had fallen completely to the end of the serpent, as was now made evident by the somewhat violent agitations of the animal's tail.

"Get me out!" shrieked the voice inside. "Je meurs!"

"Courage, mon ami!" I said cheerily, as I did a little light shivering; for pajamas are not a sufficient protection in the rainy season.

After some trouble we persuaded the Iguana to bite a hole in the Anaconda's tail, through which we



THE WEDDING.

drew out the unlucky Marquis. He thanked us warmly, and withdrew to his room.

This event decided us, and on the morrow we began to stuff the serpent. We found this no light task. After emptying into the cavern five tons of hay, which my brave wife gave us from her bag, we concluded that operations must go faster. So we constructed a derrick in combination with a pile-driver; and in three weeks, by aid of these powerful engines, we had emptied two granite quarries, all the sea-weed about Snark Island, and the wardrobe of our wrecked vessel into the skin, and had the gratification of seeing as fine a specimen for a zoölogical collection as any one could wish.

I immediately built a-museum in a rock, where the presence of more mephitic air induced Ernest with his usual wit to christen the building "A Gassy Museum."

Here we put specimens of all sorts, and here little Franz, who to my great joy was developing a fine taste for Natural History, passed many a long hour, picking out the eyes of lobsters, and watching the heart-pulsations of the oyster and the clam.

Thus passed nearly a year.

Fritz, whose attachment to Miss Hap was becoming very evident, acquainted me of the fact one day in the spring, with many blushes. I rejoiced at the prospect of a permanent settlement in our dear island, and, as Colonel Hap professed himself equally pleased, arrangements were made for a speedy marriage.

"Und was werde the object sein of here living?" asked Count Von Apollinaris, whose ideas flowed freely, and mixed readily with any subject.

"I confess," I replied, "that the study of nature is the only one possible."

"And do not you desire your children to have a liberal education?" asked Colonel Hap: "we need a University here."

"Ja, a gymnasium, as in Deutschland!" continued Apollinaris.

"Your idea, gentlemen," I answered, "speaks well for you. We will found one at once, and educate my younger children, and the crews of your ship."

"We should have a commencement to begin with," said Colonel Hap.

"No, no, papa!" said Miss Hap; "let us have a Class Day, and Fritz and I will be married then!"

I approved of the plan, and kissed my future

daughter-in-law on the forehead, which would have pleased her, had she not been preoccupied at the moment.

All was arranged in a satisfactory manner.

On account of my admirable qualifications for the situation, I was unanimously chosen President of the University. With a view to this position I had prepared a set of subscription books and a report. My dear wife was obviously best qualified for Secretary. So we built a railing, neat and strong, around her, and provided her with paper, pens, ink, and many large books.

Count Apollinaris disappeared for some days. On his return he brought something carefully covered up in canvas. On taking this covering off, he displayed to us a most ingenious apparatus. An index needle, moving on a pivot dependent on two concentric circles made of galvanized German silver, pointed to a graded crescent of the same metal. The degrees ranged from $-33\frac{1}{3}$ to 33. The whole was regulated by the formula

$$x^2 + 2xy + y^2 = (x + y)^2.$$

This, in combination with factorial n , made the first factor of an expression, in which the second was w , representing weight or difficulty, and the third was t , representing Time, not less than *one*, and not greater than *three* hours.

A sensitized plate was suspended by many yards of the strongest red tape over a fire-pan. Connected with this plate was a balance that fed a cog-wheel which regulated the two concentric circles before spoken of. A lever throwing w or t into operation, connected with an escapement united to the $x^2 + 2xy + y^2$ bar, was practicable for the thumb and forefinger. Any blue-book that needed valuation was burned up in the fire-pan. Its quality was determined by the lever. The flames heated the sensitized plate which communicated the quality of the blue-book expressed in terms of heat to the needle, which immediately pointed to the correct mark,—never exceeding 33, nor less than $-33\frac{1}{3}$.

We shed happy tears over this triumph of mechanical skill, and I appointed Von Apollinaris Professor of German at once.

The weeks passed, and the happy day dawned.

I regretted that the rough life which my son Fritz had been leading had left its marks upon his dress-coat. But Miss Hap kindly said that he would be presentable to her in any costume whatever.

My dear wife, who was much admired by the foreigners, made a beautiful cloak of skins for herself, which became her admirably.

The Marquis of Hunyadi-Janos had been quite marked in his attentions to her, but I assured him,



if he wished to take her away with him, he would find that she preferred me to him.

“Though my spirit of unselfishness,” I continued, “forbids my throwing any obstacle in the way of such a plan, I cannot reckon without my wife, as it takes two to make a bargain.”

We smiled pleasantly, and shook hands.

The marriage was very affecting. The tropical foliage drooped in every direction. Lanterns hung in the foliage, invisible until night permitted them to display their gay colors.

Crowds of visitors witnessed the ceremony. As the wedding march rang blandly, grandly, through the glad banyan-trees, the people formed into a long procession, which, headed by the brass band, wound in and out of the shrubbery, till it seemed to me that I saw three processions instead of one.

The ship’s chaplain read the service, Colonel Hap standing near his daughter, and my dear wife seated close by, dissolved in tears of happiness and gratitude.

“Who giveth this woman away?”

“I can . . . er . . . that is . . . I do,” said Colonel Hap, hurriedly, while the enchanted spectators sang the Class Day song, composed expressly for the occasion,—poetry by Ernest, whose facile pen could accomplish nearly anything, and music by Fritz, who had passed the winter at his upright piano, playing duets with Miss Hap.

When the ceremony was completed, with loud cheers we joined hands and danced round the nodding trees. After this we went to the banquet, where we found that the Iguana, taking advantage of the fact that general attention was diverted from himself, had eaten up a large quantity of the wedding cake. His imprudence caused him a good deal of pain later in the evening.

I made an appropriate speech. "The fact of the wedding cake being gone," I said, smilingly, "matters very little indeed, since we have the Julepa Attwoodiana in large quantities."

"Hear! hear!" shouted many voices, while they raised their glasses, and made them touch with a musical ring, which so expressively denotes a joyful unanimity of sentiment.

"Let us drink to the success of the College — University I mean."

"Hear! hear!"

And the unanimity with which we clinked the glasses reduced us to using gourds for the remaining toasts.

"Long life to the young couple!"

"Hear! hear!"

Then began a series of toasts.

"Three cheers for the chaplain who married us!" said Fritz.

Loud cheering rent the air.

"Three cheers for my dear father, the President!"

The cheers seemed to diminish in their intensity; so, thinking that our guests were (not unnaturally) fatigued, I rose, and our pleasant party broke up.

We proceeded to the Family Tree, where a large fire was kindled, and suddenly a loud report rent the air, and our foliaged home was no more.

The President's Report had blown it up!

* * * * *

The night has closed around me. I am feeling very well, and as my dear children go on their honeymoon to-morrow, I close this journal of our dangers and our joys, and send it with them, that others in the great world may know of our life, and sorrow and rejoice with its vicissitudes.

FINIS.

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